ATLAS
MARINES IN ACTION
MARINES IN ACTION
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
10¢
NO. 12
MAY
STAND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH OUR MARINES IN ACTION AS THE "RED TANKS HIT THE LINES!"
Also... ROCK MURDOCK FIGHTS AGAIN!

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MARINES IN ACTION ON KOREAN BATTLEFIELDS WITH

"ROCK" MURDOCK

THE FIGHTING GYRENE!!

I JUST TOOK INVENTORY, CAP'N O'BANNON... AN' THIS IS ALL THE AMMO THAT'S LEFT IN THE ENTIRE PLATOON!
THREE GRENADES, FOUR CLIPS OF .30'S, AND A USELESS HUNK OF DETONATING CORD!
"OUR PLATOON NEEDS AMMO!"
L566

IF THE REDS OUT THERE KNEW THIS IS ALL WE HAVE, THEY'D THROW THE BANZAI WORKS AT US!
THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM THINK WE'RE LOADED, ROCK! EMPTY THESE CLIPS AND ISSUE ONE CARTRIDGE TO A MAN AS FAR AS THEY'LL GO!

FIRST WE WILL MAKE A SMALL ASSAULT... TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH FIRE-POWER THE YANKEE MARINES HAVE LEFT!
MY PLATOON IS PREPARED TO ATTACK, COMRADE MAJOR!

CORPORAL! CONTACT THE REAR AGAIN AND SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE THEM HURRY UP THAT AMMO WE REQUESTED!
YES, SIR!
HELLO, SEMPER FI! THIS IS TRIPOLI SHORES! WHERE'S OUR AMMO?
ON ITS WAY, TRIPOLI SHORES! THE PLANE SHOULD MAKE THE DROP IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!
THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S ON ITS WAY, CAP'N! LOOK!
REDS! HALF THE PLATOON FIRE YOUR ONE CARTRIDGE ALL AT ONCE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF PUNCH LEFT!
A MIXTURE OF EIGHTEEN GARANDS AND CARBINES FLASHED BLUE FIRE INTO THE RED PROBING ATTACK...
THEN CAPTAIN O'BANNON AND "ROCK" MURDOCK LET LOOSE A HEAVE WITH THEIR GRENADES...
YOU SAVE YOUR GRENADE, SCUTTLEBUTT!
IT APPEARS THE YANKEE PLATOON HAS MUCH FIRE-POWER LEFT, COMRADE!
YES! NOW THAT WE KNOW THAT WE WILL RETURN QUICKLY TO OUR POSITION!
IF THE YANKEES HAVE MUCH FIREPOWER, THEN WHY DOES YANKEE PLANE DROP SUPPLIES TO THEM?
IT MUST BE MORE AMMUNITION AND FORTUNATE FOR US, COMRADE MAJOR... A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND BLOWS THE PARACHUTES TOWARD US!
2

HEY! SOME OF YOU GYRENES WHO'VE GOT CARTRIDGES LEFT, SHOOT DOWN THOSE SUPPLY CHUTES BEFORE THE WIND CARRIES THEM TO THE COMMIES!
THE YANKEE RIFLE FIRE IS BRINGING DOWN THE PARACHUTES, COMRADE MAJOR!
BUT THEY FALL IN NO MAN'S LAND BETWEEN THEIR POSITION AND OURS! WE MUST SURROUND THE SUPPLIES BEFORE THE YANKEES CAN GET TO THEM!
IT WAS A MAD RUSH FROM BOTH SIDES TOWARD THE HEAP OF CRATES AND COLORED NYLON CHUTES! THE COMMIES CHARGED WITH THEIR SMG GUNS BLAZING...AND THE MARINES MOVED UP, USING THEIR LAST FEW CARTRIDGES...
HA! WE WERE CLOSER AND WE GOT HERE FIRST! TAKE CONCEALMENT BEHIND THE CRATES AND KEEP THE YANKEES FROM GETTING THEIR AMMUNITION!
WE COULD TOSS THIS LAST GRENADE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THOSE CRATES, CAP'N!
THAT WOULD MAKE THE REDS RUN FROM THE SPOT... BUT AFTER OUR AMMO BLEW UP, THEY'D COME BACK AT US AND WE WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO STOP THEM WITH!
THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS PHONE FOR MORE AMMO...
WE CAN'T EVEN DO THAT, CAP'N! BECAUSE LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR COMMUNICATIONS DURING THE COMMIE PROBE ATTACK!

THE YANKEES DO NOT FIRE UPON US, COMRADE MAJOR... SO THEY MUST BE OUT OF AMMUNITION!
OR PERHAPS THEY DO NOT FIRE BECAUSE THEIR SHOTS MIGHT BLOW UP THIS AMMUNITION THEY DESIRE!
WE MUST KNOW THE REAL REASON THEY HOLD THEIR FIRE! AND WHEN DARKNESS COMES, WE WILL FIND OUT... LAUCHING A FULL STRENGTH ATTACK!
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY TO MAKE THOSE REDS SCRAM FROM THAT PILE OF AMMO LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GRAB SOME!
THINK THEY'D RUN, CAP'N IF THEY SAW A DEMO CHARGE LAND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT STUFF?
SURE, ROCK! BUT LIKE I TOLD SCUTTLEBUTT... THAT WOULD DESTROY THE AMMO BUT NOT THE REDS! BESIDES... WE DON'T HAVE ANY DYNAMITE!
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS, CAP'N?
A DEMO... WITH A LIT FUSE! GET RID OF IT, HUBBA-HUBBA, ROCK!
YES, SIR!
THE YANKEES THROW A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE STICKS AT US?
RUN EVERYBODY... BEFORE IT SETS OFF THE AMMUNITION AND DESTROYS ALL OF US!
4

AS THE REDS SCRAMBLED AWAY FROM THE AMMO PILE... THE GYRENES DASHED TOWARD IT...
OBSERVE, COMRADE MAJOR! THE FOOLISH YANKEES HAVE REACHED THE AMMUNITION!
THE FOOLS WILL BE BLOWN UP BY THEIR DEMOLITION CHARGE!
THE GYRENES RIPPED INTO THE CASE AND FILLED THEIR POCKETS AND RIFLES WITH AMMO...
NOW LET'S GO GET THOSE REDS, MARINES!
NOW THE PLATOON HAD AMMO TO BURN... AND THEY BLAZED IT OUT OF THEIR WEAPONS AT THE REDS AS FAST AS THEY COULD FINGER THE TRIGGERS...
THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST SUCH FIREPOWER, COMRADES! DO AS I DO... SURRENDER!
IT WASN'T A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE I HEAVED! IT WAS THIS STACK OF CANDLES FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS BUNKER, TIED TOGETHER WITH THAT HUNK OF FUSE WE THOUGHT WAS USELESS! IT FOOLED YOU, SIR... SO I WAS SURE IT WOULD FOOL THE REDS!
CLEVER, THESE AMERICANS, YES?
YES... VERY CLEVER!
5

THE SECRET WEAPON

THE mild-looking short man with the handlebar mustache met the first sentinel about a mile from Union headquarters. He wasn't very much of anything to look at . . . except that he might have passed for a peddler of sundries. He sat on the seat of the enclosed wagon and drove the two horses pulling it with relaxed ease

The sentinel stepped out into the road, presented his gun and barked a request for identification. The other handed him a paper, leaning down from a seat.

"Mr. Smith, eh?" the sentinel said, suspiciously. "What business do you have with the General?"

Smith smiled.

"Now I can't rightly tell you that, private. Matter of fact I'm going to have a tough time not even telling the General. I think you'll find the papers in order, though."

The sentinel hesitated, but the papers were in order, and they were signed by the commander-in-chief of that part of the front. He waved the wagon on.

Smith proceeded up the road leading to the General's headquarters. By listening very carefully over the sounds of other wagons loaded with ammunition going past, he could hear the faint crack of rifle fire far to the south where the Confederate lines extended through open, hilly country. Every so often would come the boom of a cannon. But Smith knew that these sounds could only be every-day sounds. Nothing had happened on that front for many months; it was a deadlock. The guns were merely pot-shotting. But he also knew that the deadlock could not continue; it was bad for morale, and it allowed the enemy to build up strength.

He passed two other sentinels and half a mile of drilling grounds where men were marching and counter-marching in formations. When he came to the headquarters enclosure he showed his pass for the last time.

"What's in that wagon?" the officer at the gate asked.

Smith said nothing, only pointed to the seal on the side door. That, too, was signed by the commander-in-chief. A moment later he was allowed into the enclosure, and ten minutes later, after dismounting from the driver's seat and making sure the horses were to be watered, he walked into the General's tent. Smith handed the General another paper which he took from an inside pocket. The General tore it open and read the contents quickly, snorting every few minutes. Finally, he put the letter down and took a deep breath.

"Craziest thing I ever heard of," he said. "General Headquarters must have gone off its head." He got up, poked his head out the tent flap and then asked, "What's in that wagon?"

Smith grinned.

"If I told you that, General, it wouldn't be a secret, now would it?"

The General frowned. "According to these orders, I'm to give you two soldiers handy around machinery. Then the three of you are to be conducted to a section of the front where you can get close to the Confederate lines without undue risk of detection."

"The whole thing is useless unless we can find such a place, General," Smith said. "Is there?"

"There is," the General said. "But why couldn't you have brought your own men?"

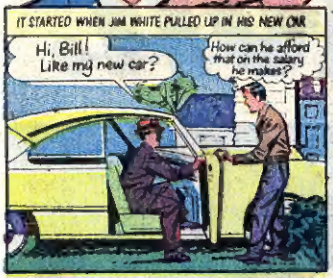
"Your men know the whole length of the battle front. None of ours would."

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STORY

How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois



No, but maybe BETTER! I'm a Mason Shoe Man in off hours. You should see how people buy these shoes! Look—real AIR CUSHION innersoles!
GOSH! Can I make money that way?

Jim told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY. So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled:
Bill! Look... a real air cushion innersole that customers can feel!
And look at this! Over 175 different styles! Dress shoes, sport shoes, work shoes... from width AAA to EEEE!

I started with friends, relatives, people where I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!
Just feel that cushion, Joe! Wouldn't you like to "Walk on Air" all day long?
Say, I'd like those shoes! You sure have swell styles... my right size, too!

Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample shoes, and sales came faster than ever!
Say, you have a larger selection than a store!
Stores can't carry all the sizes and widths to fit every foot right. Mason has 200,000 pairs on hand, so I'm never out of a style, size or width!

My spare-time business grew by leaps and bounds. It was a cinch getting repeat orders!
Hello, Mr. Jones. It's been 2 months since I've called on you
Come in, Mr. Bergstrom. Sure I was getting another pair of Mason shoes. My wife needs a pair, too!
Never had a shoe fit so well

I soon had a business that brought me over $3,000 EXTRA a year, plus exciting prizes. I found real security.
Bill! a new toaster!
Didn't cost a cent! Mason gives it to me. They give away thousands of prizes every year. I've really made a small fortune!

Mail Coupon For *YOUR* FREE Money-Making Outfit!

What would YOU do with $3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome **extra incomes** with Mason Shoe. You don't invest one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Starting Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, Measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ads...EVERYTHING you need to start making **big money** from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a **raise** every month—with a steady-profit repeat-order business...if you want to **be your own boss**...just rush this coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 486, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful *FREE* SALES OUTFIT *right away!*

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 486
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

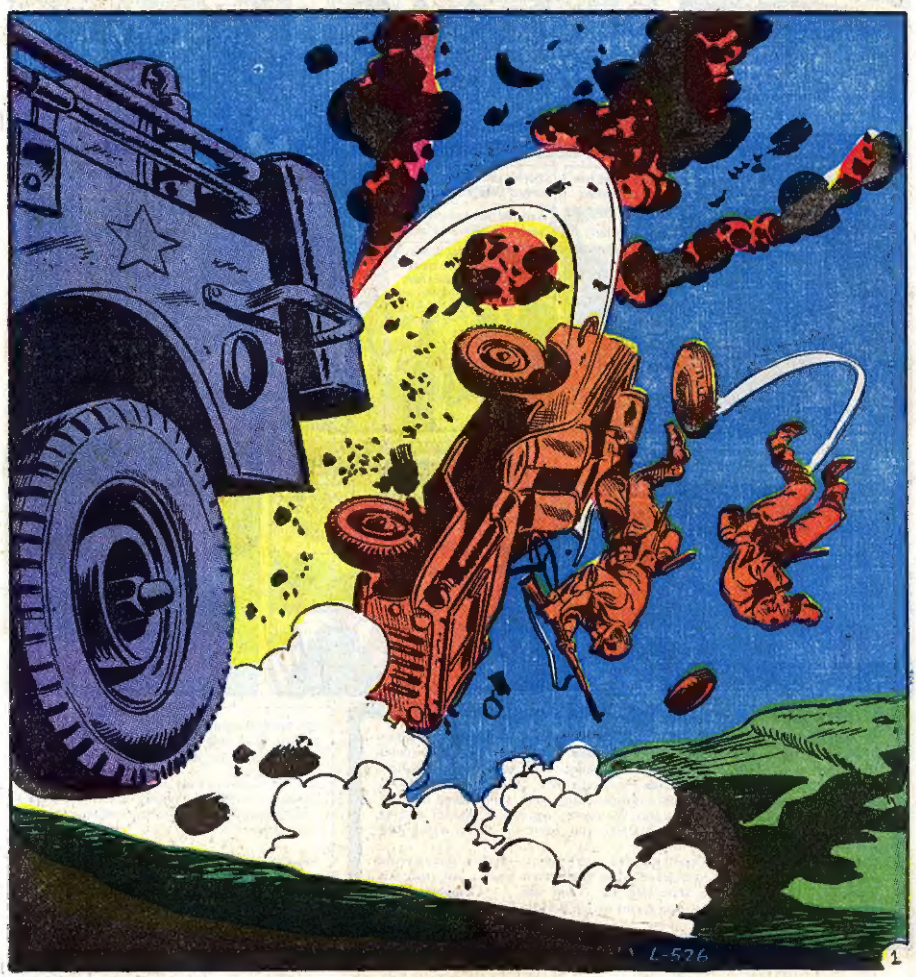
Name_____ Age_____

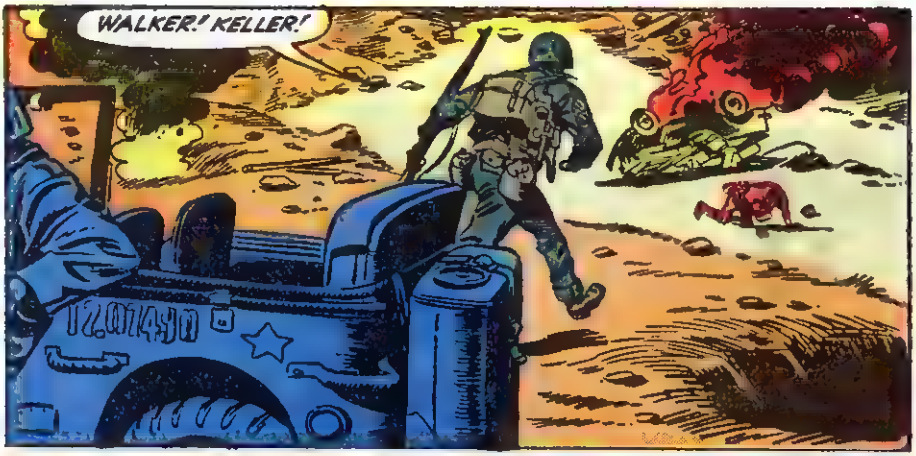
Address_____

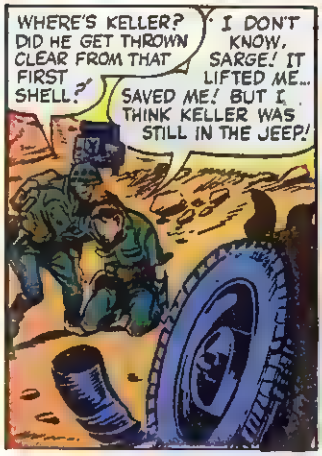
Town_____ State_____

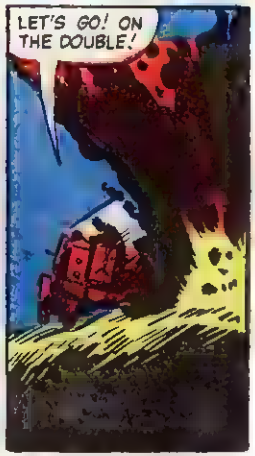
THIS IS KOREA! IT'S HOT...118 DEGREES IN THE SHADE, AND NO SHADE ON THE ROAD FOR EASY COMPANY IN THEIR OPEN JEEPS! THE RED SHELL BARRAGE CAME SUDDENLY! THERE HAD BEEN A FLASH AND ROAR, A CLOUD OF DUST FROM A HILL AND WITHIN 30 SECONDS THE ENEMY SHELLS WALKED IN, SMASHING THE HILL AND THEN CRISS-CROSSING THE ROAD!

HIT AND RUN!

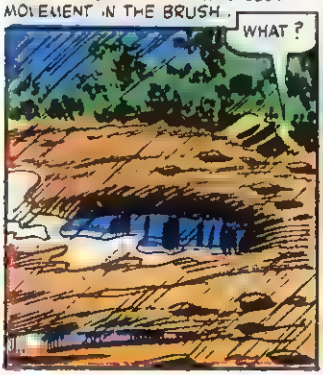





WHERE'S KELLER? DID HE GET THROWN CLEAR FROM THAT FIRST SHELL?
I DON'T KNOW, SARGE! IT LIFTED ME... SAVED ME! BUT I THINK KELLER WAS STILL IN THE JEEP!

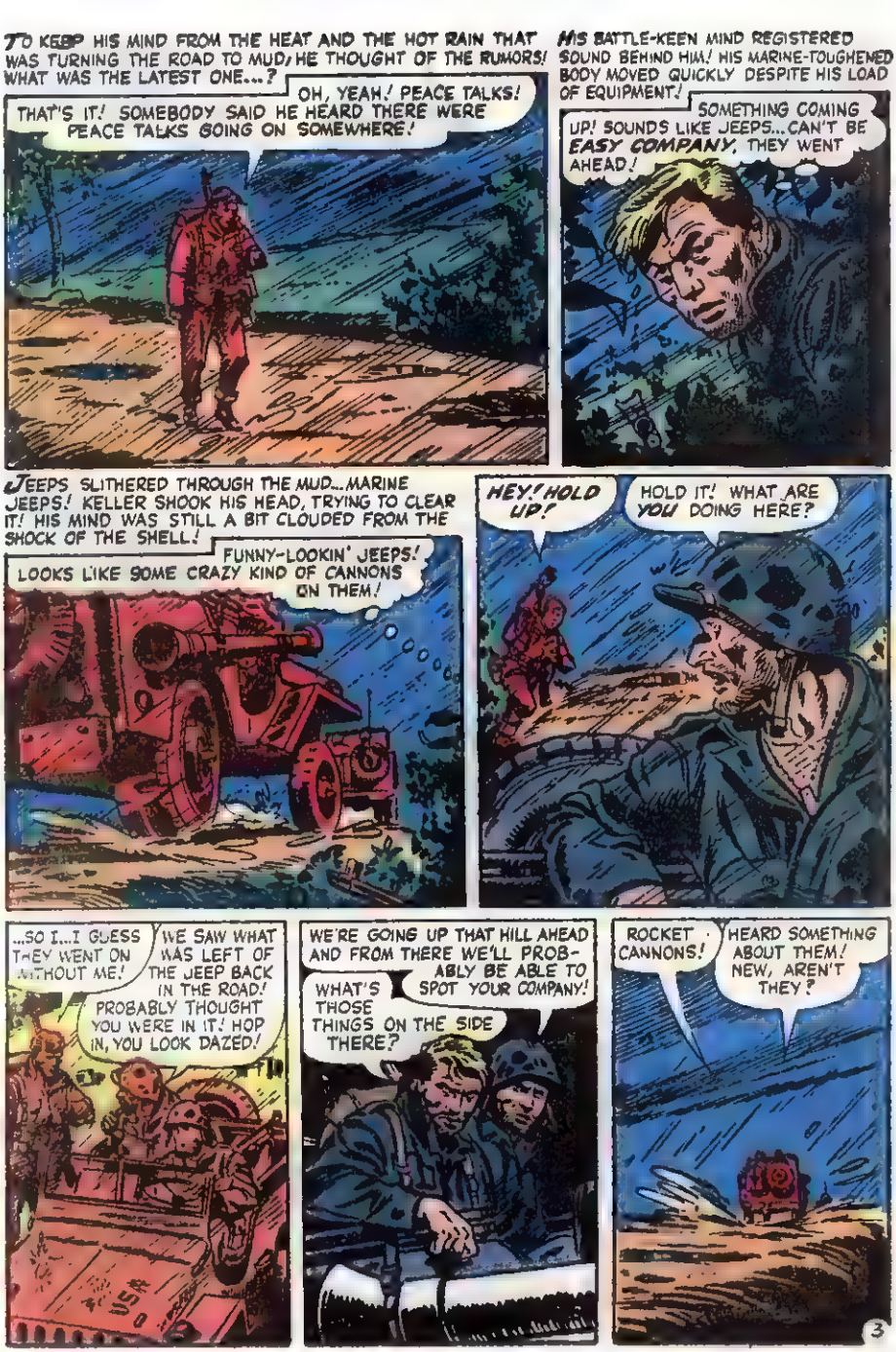


THE SHELLS TAPERED OFF, THEN QUIT! FIFTEEN MINUTES PASSED! IT BEGAN TO RAIN. HOT RAIN SIZZLING ON THE BURNING ROAD! THERE WAS SLOW MOVEMENT IN THE BRUSH.



HE SAT STILL FOR A MOMENT WHILE HIS MIND AND NERVES MOVED OVER HIS BODY TAKING CENSUS!

THEN HE GOT UP AND WALKED OUT INTO THE ROAD! HE WAS SURPRISED WHEN HE FOUND ***EASY COMPANY*** GONE! BUT IT WAS NOT AN ACTIVE SURPRISE! THE HEAT, WEARINESS THE CONSTANT FIGHTING HAD DULLED HIS AWARENESS!


TO KEEP HIS MIND FROM THE HEAT AND THE HOT RAIN THAT WAS TURNING THE ROAD TO MUD, HE THOUGHT OF THE RUMORS! WHAT WAS THE LATEST ONE...?
OH, YEAH! PEACE TALKS! THAT'S IT! SOMEBODY SAID HE HEARD THERE WERE PEACE TALKS GOING ON SOMEWHERE!
HIS BATTLE-KEEN MIND REGISTERED SOUND BEHIND HIM! HIS MARINE-TOUGHENED BODY MOVED QUICKLY DESPITE HIS LOAD OF EQUIPMENT!
SOMETHING COMING UP! SOUNDS LIKE JEEPS...CAN'T BE EASY COMPANY, THEY WENT AHEAD!
JEEPS SLITHERED THROUGH THE MUD...MARINE JEEPS! KELLER SHOOK HIS HEAD, TRYING TO CLEAR IT! HIS MIND WAS STILL A BIT CLOUDED FROM THE SHOCK OF THE SHELL!
FUNNY-LOOKIN' JEEPS! LOOKS LIKE SOME CRAZY KIND OF CANNONS ON THEM!
HEY! HOLD UP!
HOLD IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
...SO I...I GUESS THEY WENT ON WITHOUT ME!
WE SAW WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE JEEP BACK IN THE ROAD! PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU WERE IN IT! HOP IN, YOU LOOK DAZED!
WE'RE GOING UP THAT HILL AHEAD AND FROM THERE WE'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO SPOT YOUR COMPANY!
WHAT'S THOSE THINGS ON THE SIDE THERE?
ROCKET CANNONS!
HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THEM! NEW, AREN'T THEY?
3

THE JEEPS GROUND UP THE HILL THROUGH THE MUD!

WE SHOOT THEM FROM THE TOP OF HILLS! THAT STRANGE FLASH AND ROAR AND THE PILLARS OF SMOKE YOU SAID CAME ***BEFORE*** THE RED SHELLS, WERE ***OUR*** ROCKET CANNONS! IT'S WHAT BROUGHT THE SHELLS DOWN ON YOU!

THERE'S YOUR COMPANY, TO THE WEST!

THANKS! I'LL CUT DOWN THIS SIDE AND BE ABLE TO CATCH UP!

YOU'D BE CLOBBERED WITH SHELLS BEFORE YOU WENT FIFTY FEET! STICK AROUND A FEW MORE MINUTES!

WHAT'S THAT DOWN THERE ...TO THE EAST! LOOKS LIKE TENTS!

THAT'S *PANMUNJOM*, WHERE THE PEACE TALKS ARE GOING ON! READY, MEN?

JUST ABOUT! STAND BACK! ZERO IN ON THOSE REDS MASSING NORTHWEST!

THE ROCKETS LET GO...A TERRIFIC, ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE BLAST! GREAT PILLARS OF SMOKE ROSE FROM THE BACK BLAST!

LET'S GO! GET A MOVE ON, MAN!

THEY BARRELED DOWN THE HILL LIKE CRAZY MEN, THE JEEP SWAYING AND SLAMMING...

WHA... WHAT'S THE IDEA?

YOU'LL SEE IN JUST THIRTY SECONDS!

SEE? IT TAKES ENEMY OBSERVERS JUST ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS TO SPOT OUR POSITION FROM THE FLASH AND THE BACK BLAST!

YOU DO THIS ALL DAY... RUSH UP A HILL, SLAM OUT THOSE ROCKETS, THEN RUSH AWAY AGAIN...TO ***ANOTHER*** HILL?

THAT'S RIGHT! HERE'S WHERE WE LEAVE YOU! TAKE THAT PATH! IT CUTS ACROSS A SHORT CUT TO YOUR OUTFIT! GOOD LUCK!
THANKS! GOOD LUCK TO YOU... ROCKET MARINES!
KELLER FOUND HIS OUTFIT!
EASY COMPANY! RIGHT! LEAVE JEEPS? RIGHT!
HEY, LOOK! IT'S KELLER!
WE THOUGHT YOU HAD IT! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN THE JEEP WHEN THE SHELLS CLOBBERED IT...
ATTENTION! ENEMY FORCES IN FRONT! WE GO ON FOOT! PREPARE FOR ATTACK!
I GOT A RIDE! JEEPS! MARINE OUTFIT! FUNNY THING...WAIT'LL I TELL YOU..
WATCH IT! RED PATROL!
KELLER STARTED TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE ROCKETS...ABOUT PANMUNJOM, THE TENTS, THE PEACE TALKS...
WHAT DID YOU START TO SAY?
BUT KELLER SHOOK HIS HEAD!
IT MUST'VE BEEN JUST IMAGINATION! I WAS DAZED...THOSE ROCKETS...LIKE SOMETHING FROM A SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE! AND THE PEACE TENTS ...WHO ARE THEY KIDDING? IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN ILLUSION!
THIS IS THE ONLY REAL THING, THE ONLY TRUTH FOR A MARINE, TO FIGHT AND FIGHT ON...THE REST WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!

THE MARINES HAD COME BACK TO THE PACIFIC AS THEY HAD PROMISED! AHEAD WAS A STRONGLY-HELD ENEMY ISLAND AND THE MARINES MUST TAKE IT! WHO ARE THESE MEN CALLED MARINES? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? THEY COME FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE, FROM THE CITIES AND FROM THE FARMS! THERE IS ONE THING THEY HAVE IN COMMON, THE TRAINING AND TOUGHNESS THAT MAKES A SUPERIOR FIGHTING MAN! THIS STORY IS TYPICAL OF **MARINES IN ACTION!**

AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT!

HEY, "FARMER", AIN'T YOU GOIN' ASHORE WITH THE BULLDOZERS AN' TRACTORS?
I'M A TANK MAN, SEE! AND **DON'T** CALL ME "FARMER"!
CUT THE CHATTER, YOU MEN! WE'VE A BEACHHEAD TO ESTABLISH!
BOY, DOES HE GET SORE WHEN YOU CALL HIM "FARMER"! HE COMES FROM A FARM AND DOESN'T WANT TO BE REMINDED OF IT! ANYHOW WE THINK HE'S YELLOW 'CAUSE...

CHUCK FOSTER, THE TANK MAN, WAITED FOR HIS CALL TO GO OVERSIDE!
THEY THINK THEY'RE FUNNY CALLING ME "FARMER" BECAUSE I HATED BEING ONE SO MUCH! WELL, LET 'EM LAUGH! THIS IS WHERE I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE... IN THE MIDDLE OF EXCITEMENT! ALL MY LIFE I LIVED ON A FARM! ALWAYS CRAZY ABOUT TANKS! CUT PICTURES OF TANKS OUT OF MAGAZINES!
FOSTER WAS WHAT IS KNOWN AS "ACCIDENT-PRONE"! HE HADN'T SEEN ACTION YET! ALWAYS SOME SILLY ACCIDENT KEPT HIM OUT OF IT!
I SUPPOSE IT WOULDN'T'VE BEEN SO DULL IF I WASN'T SO UNLUCKY! WHEN THE CIRCUS OR RODEO PASSED THROUGH, OR THERE WAS A SCHOOL DANCE... ANYTHING THAT WAS DIFFERENT, SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENED TO KEEP ME OUT OF IT!
TANK MEN, NEXT!
WATCH IT THERE!
MY ANKLE... SPRAINED! JUST MY LUCK! JUST LIKE ALWAYS!
THIS MAN HURT HIMSELF! REPLACEMENT OVER! LET'S GET MOVING!
HE STOOD UP! HIS ANKLE PAINED BADLY BUT HE WASN'T GOING TO MISS THIS AS HE HAD SO MANY OTHER THINGS IN LIFE!
SIR, I'M ALL RIGHT...
TOO LATE!
BULLDOZER AND TRACTOR MEN, SIR!
WHO WAS IN THAT BOAT?
2

WE NEED THOSE MEN TO LEVEL AN AIRSTRIP ON THIS ISLAND.' YOU THERE, YOU'RE A TANK MAN! CAN YOU HANDLE A BULLDOZER'
YES, SIR!
OVER YOU GO, THEN! AIR-STRIP EQUIPMENT LANDS ON BLUE BEACH!
ON THE BEACH THE FIRE WAS STRONG AND HEAVY, A SHEET OF FLAME AND STEEL FROM THE DARK WOODS!
PILLBOXES AND DUGOUTS... THE PLACE IS LOADED WITH THEM!
THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN!
HEY, LOOK WHO'S HERE.. THE "FARMER"! WHERE'S YOUR TANK, HAYSEED?
EASY COMPANY CALLING COMMAND POST R...
HEY LOOK, THE "FARMER" JUST COULDN'T FORSAKE HIS BULLDOZER!
AW, PIPE DOWN! AND DON'T CALL ME "FARMER"!
REQUEST TANK SUPPORT, SIR!
ALL TANKS EMPLOYED ON RED AND BROWN BEACHES! YOU MUST ADVANCE! OVER AND OUT!
3
CONTINUED...

GIVEN! PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN!

EXTRA! EXTRA!
If you mail coupon at once we'll send you exciting new PUZZLES free of charge
MAIL COUPON BELOW

EXTRA!
FREE GIFT FOR MAILING COUPON NOW

You'll receive FREE PUZZLES — a thrilling collection of 15 puzzles — 6 riddles. All real stumpers but easy when you know how — and we give you all the answers. Work out on your friends — they'll think you're a real smartie! Great fun for everybody!

MAIL COUPON
We'll send FREE CATALOG too!

Dozens of wonderful premiums sent postage paid. SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with pictures). Each coupon is short.

ACT NOW

BE FIRST

WE TRUST YOU

DON'T DELAY!

OUR 62ND YEAR

WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COUPON

Wilson Chemical Co. Dept. [illegible] Tyrone, Pa. Date

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with pictures). I will remit amounts asked within 30 days, select a Premium or Keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted. A catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE PUZZLES.

NAME _____ AGE _____

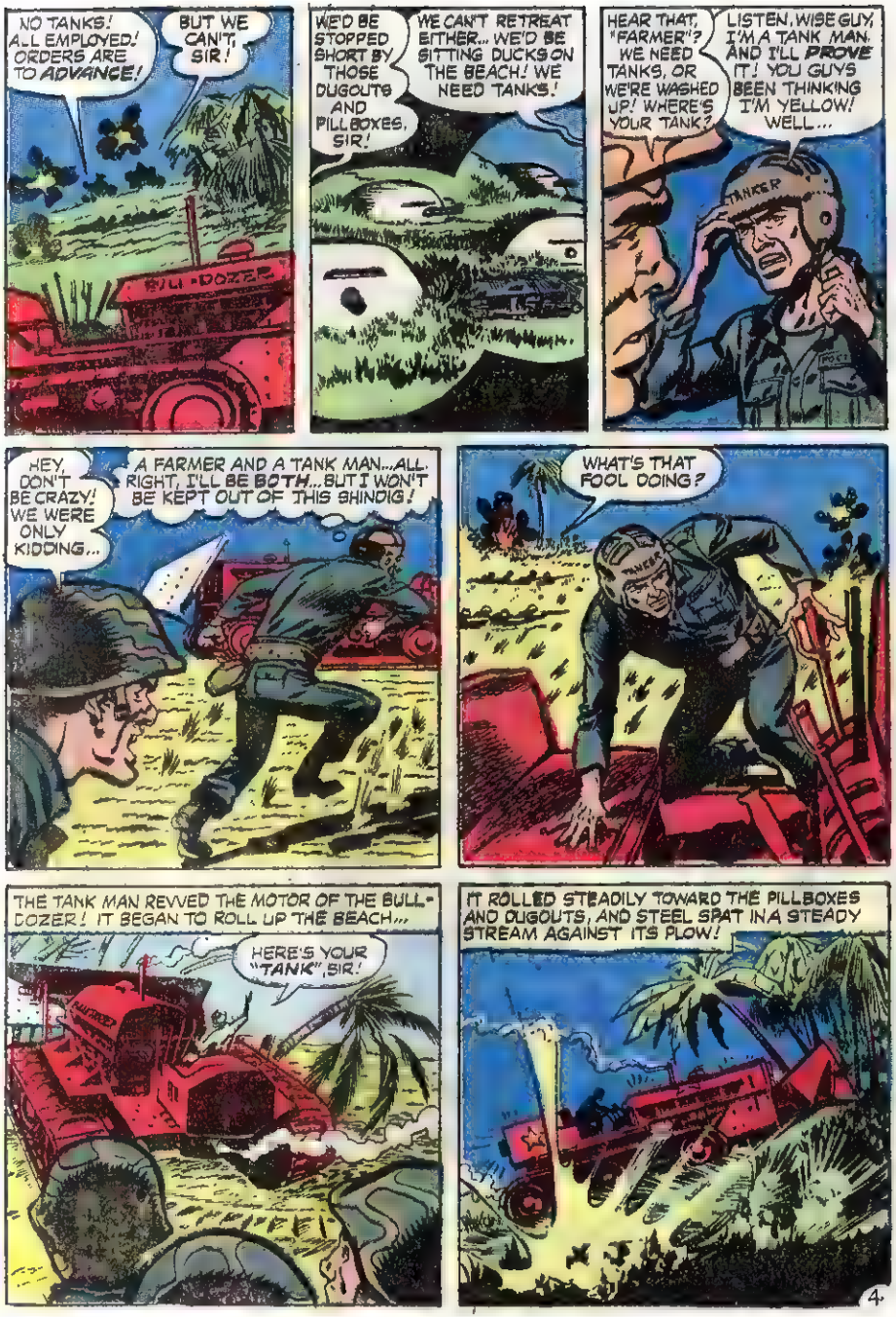
ST. _____ BOX _____

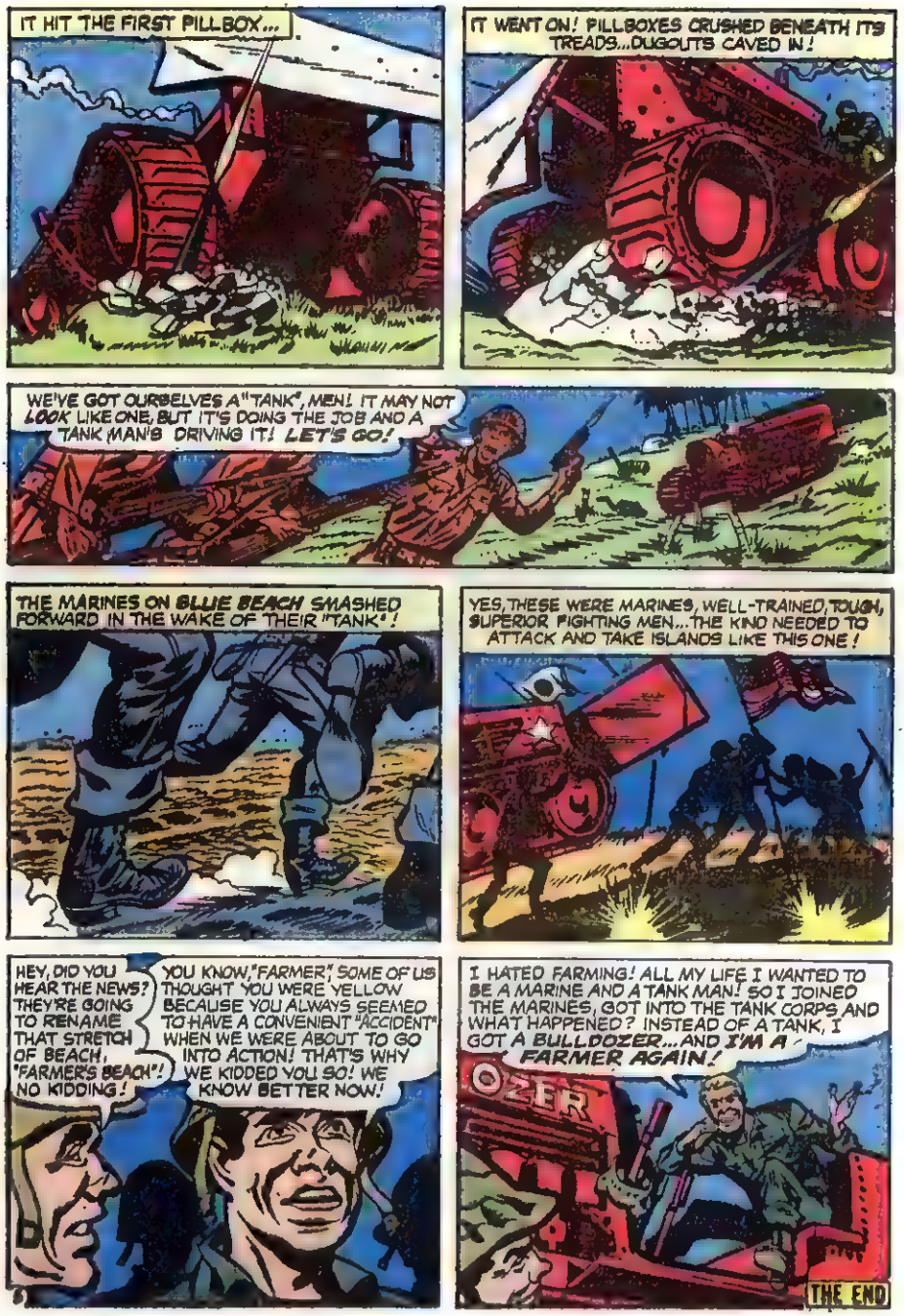
TOWN _____ STATE NO. _____

PRINT NAME HERE

Paste coupon on post card and mail at once or write name and address today

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY Dept. 148-BS, Tyrone, Pa.


NO TANKS! ALL EMPLOYED! ORDERS ARE TO ADVANCE!
BUT WE CAN'T, SIR!
BULLDOZER
WE'D BE STOPPED SHORT BY THOSE DUGOUTS AND PILLBOXES, SIR!
WE CAN'T RETREAT EITHER... WE'D BE SITTING DUCKS ON THE BEACH! WE NEED TANKS!
HEAR THAT, "FARMER"? WE NEED TANKS, OR WE'RE WASHED UP! WHERE'S YOUR TANK?
LISTEN, WISE GUY, I'M A TANK MAN, AND I'LL PROVE IT! YOU GUYS BEEN THINKING I'M YELLOW! WELL...
TANKER
HEY, DON'T BE CRAZY! WE WERE ONLY KIDDING...
A FARMER AND A TANK MAN...ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE BOTH...BUT I WON'T BE KEPT OUT OF THIS SHINDIG!
WHAT'S THAT FOOL DOING?
TANKER
THE TANK MAN REVVED THE MOTOR OF THE BULLDOZER! IT BEGAN TO ROLL UP THE BEACH...
HERE'S YOUR "TANK", SIR!
BULLDOZER
IT ROLLED STEADILY TOWARD THE PILLBOXES AND DUGOUTS, AND STEEL SPAT IN A STEADY STREAM AGAINST ITS PLOW!


IT HIT THE FIRST PILLBOX...
IT WENT ON! PILLBOXES CRUSHED BENEATH ITS TREADS...DUGOUTS CAVED IN!
WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A "TANK", MEN! IT MAY NOT LOOK LIKE ONE, BUT IT'S DOING THE JOB AND A TANK MAN'S DRIVING IT! LET'S GO!
THE MARINES ON BLUE BEACH SMASHED FORWARD IN THE WAKE OF THEIR "TANK"!
YES, THESE WERE MARINES, WELL-TRAINED, TOUGH, SUPERIOR FIGHTING MEN...THE KIND NEEDED TO ATTACK AND TAKE ISLANDS LIKE THIS ONE!
HEY, DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS? THEY'RE GOING TO RENAME THAT STRETCH OF BEACH, "FARMER'S BEACH"!
NO KIDDING!
YOU KNOW, "FARMER," SOME OF US THOUGHT YOU WERE YELLOW BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE A CONVENIENT "ACCIDENT" WHEN WE WERE ABOUT TO GO INTO ACTION! THAT'S WHY WE KIDDED YOU SO! WE KNOW BETTER NOW!
I HATED FARMING! ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE A MARINE AND A TANK MAN! SO I JOINED THE MARINES, GOT INTO THE TANK CORPS AND WHAT HAPPENED? INSTEAD OF A TANK, I GOT A BULLDOZER...AND I'M A FARMER AGAIN!
OZER
THE END

HERE'S THE GYRENE WHO MAKES BOYS INTO MEN...AND MEN INTO MARINES...

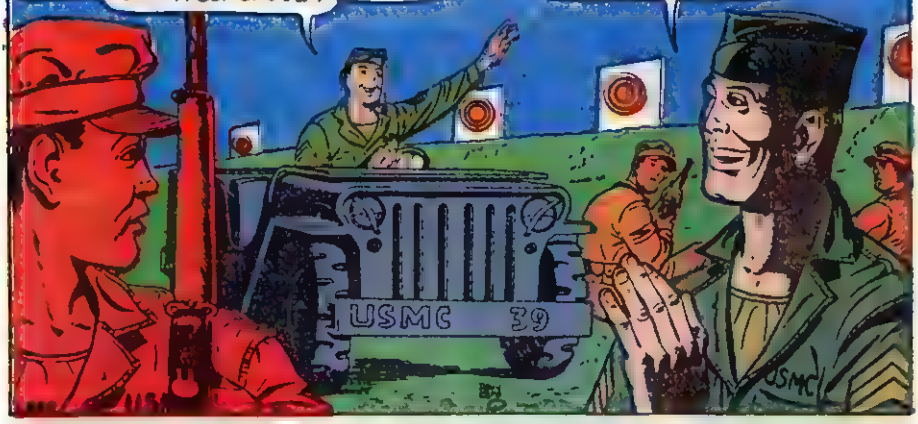
BOOT-CAMP BRADY

"AFTER TEN WEEKS IN 'BOOT CAMP' A 'BOOT' GETS TO WALK, TALK, THINK AND LOOK LIKE A MARINE! HE'S 'SQUARED AWAY' ON ALL QUARTERS! HE THINKS FAST, LOOKS SHARP, WALKS WITH A 'FULL THIRTY' AND HIS SPEECH IS 'SALTY'! HE'S LEARNED TO DO EVERYTHING IN THE MANNER OF A MARINE... AND THAT INCLUDES A NEW WAY OF SPEAKING CALLED..

"LEATHERNECK LINGO!"

HEY, BOOT-CAMP BRADY! AFTER YOU GET THRU "SKYLARKING" WITH THEM "BOOTS" OUT HERE IN THE "BOONDOCKS," "HUBBA-HUBBA" OVER TO THE "GALLEY" AN' I'LL SCOOP YOU ON A "SKOSH" OF "SCUTTLEBUTT" OVER A CUP OF "JOE"!

"NO.1," YOU "SALTY DOG"! BUT I'VE GOT TO GIVE THESE "HARD-CHARGERS" A "FIELD DAY" ON THE "BULKHEADS," "DECKS," AND "LADDERS" SO THEY'LL LEARN TO BE "GUNG-HO" MARINES!

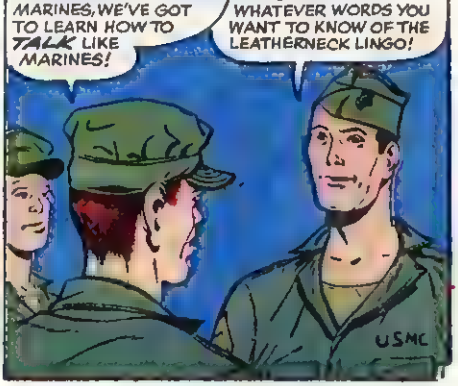


GREAT GLEAMIN' HALLS OF MONTEZUMA! WHAT KINDA LANGUAGE WERE YOU TWO TALKIN' JUST THEN, SERGEANT BRADY?

LEATHERNECK LINGO, BOOT!

WELL, HOW ABOUT A TRANSLATION, SARGE? IF WE'RE GOIN' TO BE MARINES, WE'VE GOT TO LEARN HOW TO *TALK* LIKE MARINES!

OKAY, BOOTS! ON THE WAY BACK TO THE BARRACKS I'LL SCOOP YOU ON WHATEVER WORDS YOU WANT TO KNOW OF THE LEATHERNECK LINGO!



STEP OUT! EYES FRONT! CHEST OUT! WATCH THAT INTERVAL! STEP OUT A FULL THIRTY! AND LET ME HAVE YOUR QUESTIONS BY THE NUMBERS AS WE HUP-HUP!
WHAT'S THIS "FULL THIRTY" BUSINESS, SARGE?
THAT'S THE "THIRTY-INCH" STEP YOU BOOTS ARE SUPPOSED TO TAKE WHILE MARCHING!
"BOONDOCKS" THAT'S THE WORD THAT'S GOT ME FOULED UP, BOOT-CAMP!
"THAT'S FROM THE MORO TRIBE WORD 'BONDUC' MEANING 'AWAY FROM THE RESERVATION!' THE GYRENES MADE IT 'BOONDOCKS' WHEN THEY FOUGHT IN THE PHILIPPINES DURING THE INSURRECTION OF 1898 TO 1902..."
I HEAR WE'RE MOVIN' UP TOMORROW INTO THE WILD COUNTRY!
YEAH! OUT OF BIVOUAC AND INTO THE BOONDOCKS!
'SKYLARKING'... THE CORPS BORROWED THAT WORD FROM THE OLD NAVY WHEN YOUNG MIDSHIPMEN USED TO PLAY A GAME OF TAG UP IN THE RIGGINGS OF SHIPS..."
THEY'RE LIKE CHILDREN IN THE SKY ON A LARK!
THERE'LL BE NO "SKYLARKING" ABOARD MY SHIP! CALL THEM DOWN AT ONCE!
SO "SKYLARKING" MEANS "FOOLING AROUND" HUH? AND "SCUTTLEBUTT" MEANS "RUMORS," DOESN'T IT, SERGEANT BRADY?
YEP! IT ALSO IS THE NAME FOR THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN ABOARD SHIP WHERE THE MEN WOULD GATHER AND EXCHANGE RUMORS! SO WHAT THEY HEARD AT THE WATER FOUNTAIN BECAME "SCUTTLEBUTT"!
THE CORPS HAS FOUGHT ALL OVER THE WORLD AND FROM EVERY COUNTRY THEY BORROWED A FEW WORDS TO ADD TO THEIR COLORFUL LEATHERNECK LINGO! FROM THE KOREAN WAR CAME EXPRESSIONS LIKE "NO.1" AND "NO.10"... AND WORDS LIKE "SKOSH" AND "TOXON"!
GIVE US THE SCOOP ON THOSE, SERGEANT!
USMC

"SKOSH" AND "TOXON" ARE FROM THE JAPANESE WORDS "SUKOSHI" AND "TAKUSAN" MEANING "LITTLE" AND "MUCH"! AND LIKE "NO.1" AND "NO.10" THEY WERE USED "TOXON" IN KOREA..."
THINGS SURE LOOK "NO.10," CAP'N... WITH THE "TOXON" M.G. FIRE WE'RE GETTIN' FROM THAT RED HOLE!
YEAH! THAT'S THE "WAY THE BALL BOUNCES"! WE EXPECTED "SKOSH" TROUBLE AND GOT "TOXON"!
BUT A GRENADE IN THE RIGHT PLACE WOULD MAKE THINGS "NO.1" AGAIN!
GIVE ME COVER, SIR. AN' I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
AFTER THAT EVERYTHING WAS "NO.1" AGAIN... WHICH IN LEATHERNECK LINGO MEANS "FIRST RATE"! AND "NO.10" MEANS JUST THE OPPOSITE..."PRETTY FOUL"!
WHAT ABOUT THE "FIELD DAY" YOU PROMISED US ON THE "BULKHEADS," "DECKS" AND "LADDERS," SARGE!
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, BOOT... 'CAUSE HERE WE ARE AT THE BARRACKS!
YOUR "FIELD DAY" MEANS CLEANING UP YOUR QUARTERS! "BULKHEADS" ARE THE WALLS! "DECKS" ARE THE FLOORS! "LADDERS" ARE THE STAIRS... AND YOU'RE TO GIVE ALL OF THOSE A "FACE-LIFTING" WITH THESE "SWABS"!
WHILE YOU "HUBBA-HUBBA" TO THE "GALLEY" AND HAVE A CUP OF "JOE" WITH THE "SALTY DOG," HUH?
WHICH, IN LEATHERNECK LINGO MEANS I'M GOING TO HURRY TO THE KITCHEN FOR A CUP OF COFFEE WITH A LONG-TIME MARINE!
AN' IN ANY LINGO IT MEANS... WE'RE STUCK WITH A "NO.10" DETAIL!
USMC
3

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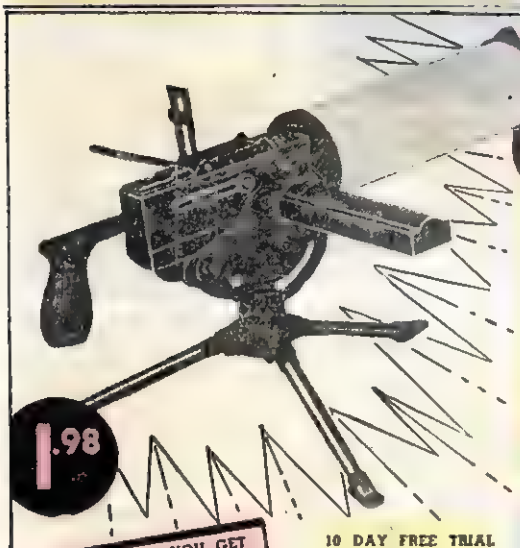

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...CONTINUED

The General pondered. "It'll be risky, no matter what. What about that wagon? How are you going to get that back?" he asked.

"We aren't," Smith said. "It's fixed to be blown to pieces when we leave." He paused. "It's important that the enemy doesn't capture any of our apparatus. Later, when they realize what we're up to, they'll be able to duplicate everything we did . . . but by that time the deadlock on the front will be broken."

The General drew a sharp breath. "You mean you can get me information on . . ."

"Everything. That's why the orders also say to start planning attack the minute I'm back."

The General rose quickly. "Very well, then. But I insist on sending along an officer in charge of three horses. He'll be posted at the edge of the area you'll be working in. Once you've blown up your wagon, you can return here mounted."

Two hours later, the wagon, with the two soldier assistants seated beside Smith was being conducted out of camp, followed by a mounted officer leading three horses. Once outside the camp, the officer took the lead, plunging at once down a narrow road thickly hedged in by tall trees. Two miles further along, the road narrowed, and ended at the burned-down ruins of several houses.

"Down there another half-mile," the officer said, pointing to a wide path beyond the houses into the woods. "It'll take you some time to get there, but as for getting the wagon back . . . you'd never make it."

"We're not bringing the wagon back," Smith said, winking. "You just have those horses ready!" Cracking the reins, Smith drove the wagon forward and it entered the path, twigs and branches brushing against its high sides. The officer dismounted, puzzled. He glanced at his watch. It was short of one hour to noon. He

remembered the bustle that had swept through the camp just before their departure, the obvious preparations for some unknown action. Glancing round, and remembering that Confederate patrols might appear at any time, he withdrew to the edge of the wood, hiding the horses among the trees at the very edge of the path down which the wagon had vanished.

An hour passed; then another. In the gloom under the trees, the time seemed an eternity. Then, abruptly, the officer started up, as he heard a loud explosion down the path, half a mile off. Twenty minutes later the two soldiers and Smith reappeared, carrying a large box. Smith slung it carefully over the saddle and secured it with ropes, while the others mounted their horses. Then Smith got up behind the box.

"What *was* in that wagon?" the officer asked, as they dashed away, back down the country road, away from the front.

Smith looked at him and smiled broadly.

"It won't hurt to tell now," he said. "Because, by tomorrow morning you'll be part of the offensive against the enemy."

"Offensive?" The officer demanded. "But there can't be an offensive because we don't know the enemy dispositions . . . and they're too strong to attack without knowing. If we *did* know, we could win . . . but we *can't* know, since we're on lower ground!"

"I know," Smith said. "But I've got the location of every troop and gun placement in the enemy lines from the air! I'm actually a war photographer. In that wagon was a folded captive balloon, a camera and apparatus for making lifting-gas. You didn't see me up in the air because you were under trees. But I photographed the whole front . . . the plates are in this box, and I'll make prints back in camp." Smith grinned. "And *that's* why our army can go ahead and win a full-scale offensive!"

THE END H-532

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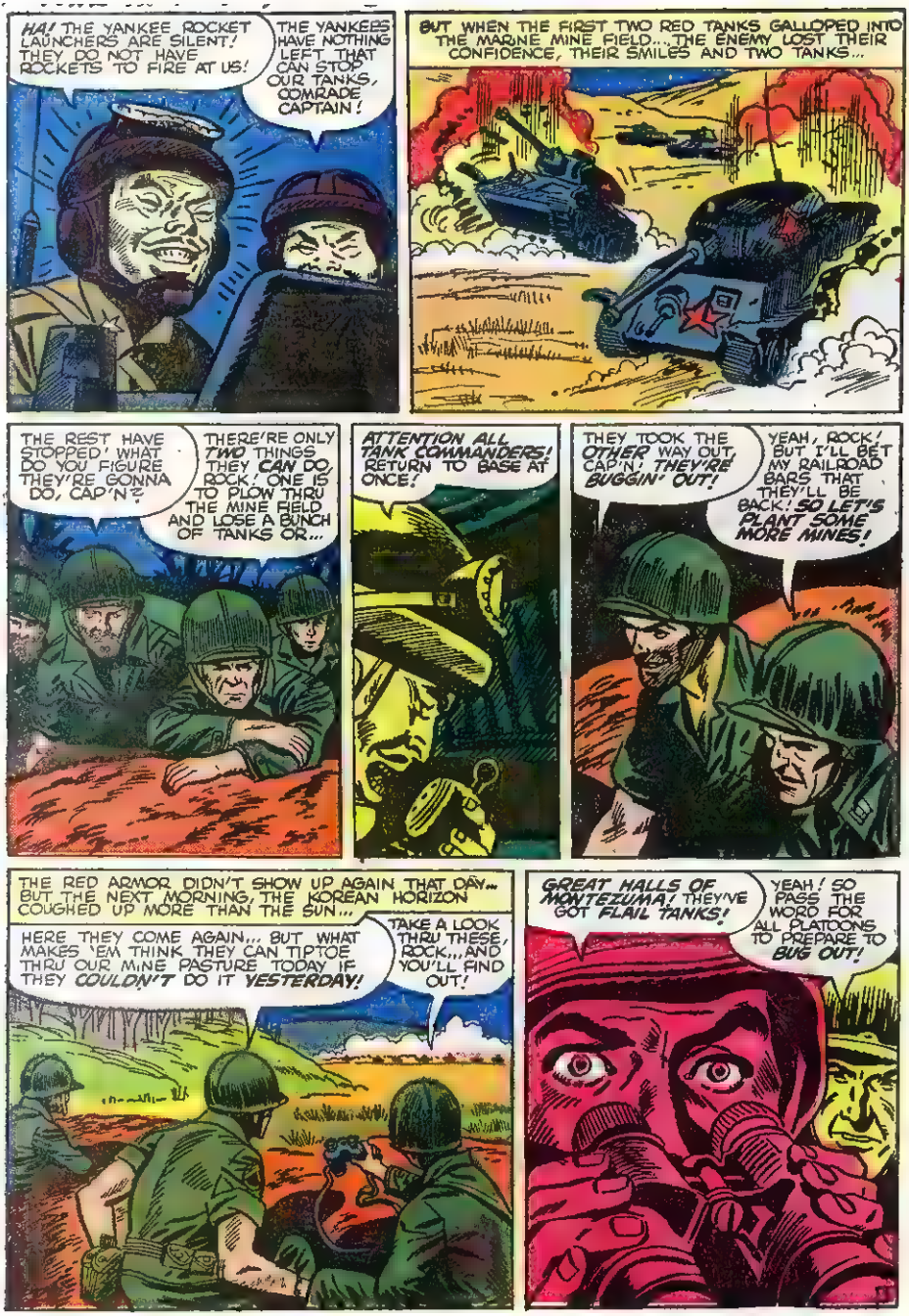
MARINES IN ACTION ON KOREAN BATTLEFIELDS WITH

"ROCK" MURDOCK

THE FIGHTING GYRENE!!

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, ROCK! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN THIS MANY TANKS BEFORE!
THERE'S ONE YOU'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN ANYWHERE, SCUTTLEBUTT!
"RED TANKS HIT the LINE!"
L536
AN' WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF BAZOOKAS AN' ROCKETS TO DO DITTO TO ALL THE REST OF 'EM!
OKAY, ROCK — UP! YOU'RE LOADED!
AH-HA! AT LAST I HAVE FOUND WHAT I HAVE BEEN SEEKING ..THE YANKEES ROCKET SUPPLY!
GIVE ME THE DIRECTION AND RANGE, COMRADE CAPTAIN ... AND MY GUN SHALL DESTROY IT!

WHILE FOX COMPANY'S BAZOOKAS HAMMERED FLAME-TAILED ROCKETS INTO THE ENEMY'S STEEL, THE GUN TURRET ON THE RED COMMANDER'S TANK TURNED TOWARD THE DISTANT GYRENE ROCKET DUMP...
THEN A SUDDEN FLASH OF FIRE AND THUNDER CRASHED FROM THE COMMIE GUN'S OVAL FIG-IRON LIPS...
AND A SPLINTERED SECOND LATER, A LOUDER AND MORE BRILLIANT BLAST, FAR BEHIND THE GYRENE WALL OF BAZOOKAS, SHOOK THE KOREAN GROUND...
THEY GOT OUR ROCKET DUMP!
HA! WITHOUT ROCKETS FOR THEIR LAUNCHERS THE YANKEE MARINES CANNOT HOLD OUR TANKS ANY LONGER!
WE WILL RETURN TO BASE TO REFUEL AND FOR MORE SHELLS... THEN WE WILL SMASH THEM DEFEAT, THE LINE AS IF IT WERE RICE PAPER!
OKAY... SO WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE ROCKETS. BUT WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF M-6 ANTI-TANK MINES! SO LET'S GET THEM INTO THE GROUND BEFORE THE RED TANKS COME BACK!
THE NEXT FOUR HOURS WAS PLANTING TIME FOR THE FOX COMPANY LEATHERNECKS..
THESE STEEL PIES ARE HEAVY, HUH, ROCK?
TWENTY POUNDS, AND TWELVE OF THAT IS EXPLOSIVES. WHICH IS ENOUGH BOOM TO KNOCK THE TREADS OFF A TANK OR BLOW A HOLE IN ITS BELLY!
THEN CAME THE ALERT FROM THE FORWARD OUTPOST...
YEAH! HERE THEY COME AGAIN... TOXON* OF 'EM!
*LEATHERNECK LINGO FOR "MANY"!
2


HA! THE YANKEE ROCKET LAUNCHERS ARE SILENT! THEY DO NOT HAVE ROCKETS TO FIRE AT US!
THE YANKEES HAVE NOTHING LEFT THAT CAN STOP OUR TANKS, COMRADE CAPTAIN!
BUT WHEN THE FIRST TWO RED TANKS GALLOPED INTO THE MARINE MINE FIELD...THE ENEMY LOST THEIR CONFIDENCE, THEIR SMILES AND TWO TANKS...
THE REST HAVE STOPPED! WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THEY'RE GONNA DO, CAP'N?
THERE'RE ONLY TWO THINGS THEY CAN DO, ROCK! ONE IS TO PLOW THRU THE MINE FIELD AND LOSE A BUNCH OF TANKS OR...
ATTENTION ALL TANK COMMANDERS! RETURN TO BASE AT ONCE!
THEY TOOK THE OTHER WAY OUT, CAP'N! THEY'RE BUGGIN' OUT!
YEAH, ROCK! BUT I'LL BET MY RAILROAD BARS THAT THEY'LL BE BACK! SO LET'S PLANT SOME MORE MINES!
THE RED ARMOR DIDN'T SHOW UP AGAIN THAT DAY... BUT THE NEXT MORNING, THE KOREAN HORIZON COUGHED UP MORE THAN THE SUN...
HERE THEY COME AGAIN... BUT WHAT MAKES 'EM THINK THEY CAN TIPTOE THRU OUR MINE PASTURE TODAY IF THEY COULDN'T DO IT YESTERDAY!
TAKE A LOOK THRU THESE, ROCK... AND YOU'LL FIND OUT!
GREAT HALLS OF MONTEZUMA! THEY'VE GOT FLAIL TANKS!
YEAH! SO PASS THE WORD FOR ALL PLATOONS TO PREPARE TO BUG OUT!

THE HEAVY CHAIN WHIPS OF THE COMMIE **FLAIL TANKS** LASHED THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE MACHINES AND EXPLODED THE BURIED MINES AND BEAT A PATHWAY THRU THE GYRENE MINE FIELD!

AND **FOX COMPANY** SADLY MOVED BACK WITH ALL THEIR MEN, AMMO AND EQUIPMENT...

THE RED TANKS ROLLED ON, GRABBING BACK ALL THE REAL ESTATE THE GYRENES HAD TAKEN THE HARD WAY, DAYS BEFORE..

HA! NOTHING CAN STOP OUR TANKS NOW!

SUDDENLY, A TANK-SPLITTING BLAST CHOPPED-OFF THE RED OFFICER'S WORDS AND ONE OF HIS TANKS DISAPPEARED IN A BALL OF BRILLIANT FIRE...

WHAT DESTROYED THAT TANK? WE WOULD HAVE HEARD THE SWOOSH OR SEEN THE BLAST IF IT HAD BEEN A ROCKET!

AND LAND MINES CANNOT JUMP OUT OF THE GROUND AND SMASH TANKS, SO HOW DID THE YANKEES ACCOMPLISH THIS?

WHAM... WENT ANOTHER COMMIE TANK...

THE YANKEES MUST HAVE SOME SORT OF SECRET WEAPON! TURN AROUND AND FLEE OR WE WILL ALL BE DESTROYED!

AND UP IN THE TOPS OF THE TREES, CAPTAIN O'BANNON YELLED TO HIS MEN..
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY! LET 'EM HAVE ALL THE MINES AT ONCE!
AND FROM A DOZEN TREETOPS, MARINES LET LOOSE THEIR ANTI-TANK LAND MINES WHICH WERE TIED TO THE ENDS OF ROPES MADE OUT OF GYRENE-ISSUE BELTS..
LIKE GIANT PENDULUMS THE MINES SWUNG SILENTLY THRU THE AIR.. AND SLAMMED INTO THE RETREATING RED TANKS...
EVERY TANK WAS HIT AND KNOCKED OUT... AND THE COMMIE CREWS CLIMBED OUT AND SURRENDERED IN A DAZE...
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE IDEA OF SWINGING THE LAND MINES LIKE PENDULUMS FROM THE TREETOPS TO DESTROY ALL OUR ARMOR?
I AM! WHY? YOU WANNA MAKE SOMETHIN' OUT OF IT, COMMIE?
THEY DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, ROCK... ALL THEY WANT TO DO IS BOW BEFORE YOU TO SHOW THEIR RESPECT!

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TELECOM INTERPHONE SYSTEM

*Check local laws before ordering this prize

Take your choice of these wonderful prizes. They can be yours—quickly, easily. Most prizes shown here and many others in our big prize book are given without a cent of cost for selling just one 44-pack order of famous American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 15c a pack. It's easy. Just mail the coupon, sell your seeds; get a prize. Many boys and girls sell their seeds in one day and get their prize. You can, too.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once. Or, if you want money instead of a prize, keep $2.20 in cash for every 44-pack order you sell.

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU

Just sign and mail the coupon for your free prize book and first order of American Seeds. They will be mailed to you at once. Then sell the seeds—send us the money—get your prize. It's easy.

EXTRA AWARD—WIN A PORTABLE TV

We're giving away five General Electric Portable Television Sets and 20 English Bikes or Cocker Puppies as extra awards. You have a chance to win. Full information sent with your prize book and American Seed order.

American Seed Company, Dept. 87, Lancaster, Pa.

Mail This—Send No Money

AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
Dept. 87, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your big prize book and one order of 44 packs of American Seeds. I will resell them at 15c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

Just Pick the Kind of Body YOU Want

RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW!

...and I'll PROVE How EASILY You Can Have It...

Charles Atlas
"World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

TROPHY GIVEN AWAY Win this handsome Trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

Almost Overnight

WHAT kind of body do YOU want? One with the kind of power-packed shoulders that make girls go "Ga-Ga" on the beach? Or sledge-hammer biceps that will make the toughest bully respect you! Or strong-as-steel stomach muscles; a slim waist? Just tell me WHERE you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of muscle, FAST!

I don't care how old or how young you are—or what your present physical condition may be. Just check the "dream build" you've always wanted—right in the coupon below.

Then just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—in the privacy of your own room—and I'll give you *exactly what you ask for:* RESULTS you can *see, feel, and measure with a tape!*

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION" – *that's my secret!* It's the NATURAL method that I myself developed to change my body from the miserable skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present "World's Most Perfectly Developed" body. Thousands have become marvelous physical specimens my way. I want YOU to be next!

No gadgets, no contraptions. You simply use the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body. Before you know it, you're a NEW MAN – full of red-blooded get-up-and-go – healthy and handsome!

Charles Atlas thrilled millions of TV viewers with his handsome build and dynamic personality when he recently appeared as a guest on "What's My Line?" "Masquerade Party," and "I've Got A Secret."

FREE My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book NOT $1.00 – NOT 10¢ – but FREE!

Send for my famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" makes you a new man. 32 pages packed with photographs and valuable advice. See what my method has done for thousands, what it can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60-D, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

Why Be Half a Man?

... when it's so easy to become a real HE-MAN *my natural way.* Most fellows spend all of their lives feeling only HALF ALIVE. But you don't have to put up with that. Give yourself honest answers to these important questions ARE YOU:

- **Skinny and Run Down?**
- **Overweight and Short of Breath?**
- **Always Tired?**
- **Nervous?**
- **Shy and Lacking in Confidence?**
- **Slow at Sports?**
- **Do You Want to Gain or Lose Weight?**
- **Are you ashamed of your HALF-MAN build?**

I tell you what you can do about these HALF-ALIVE symptoms in my valuable FREE Book. Pick the kind of body you want – right in the coupon below. Mail it to me personally and I'll rush you my free Book at once!

Here's The Kind of Men I Build: Meet Hector Romero, a recent winner of one of my Atlas Trophies for the most improvement in just 3 months

JUST LOOK AT THE RESULTS I GET!

"When I started your Course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170." –T. K., N. Y

"Have put 3½" on chest (normal), 2½" expanded." –F. S., N. Y

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60-D
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight – Solid in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man – 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

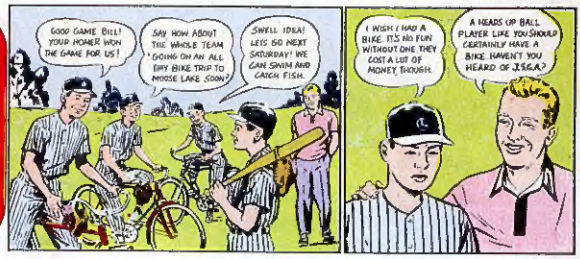
Name..... Age.....
(Please Print Plainly)

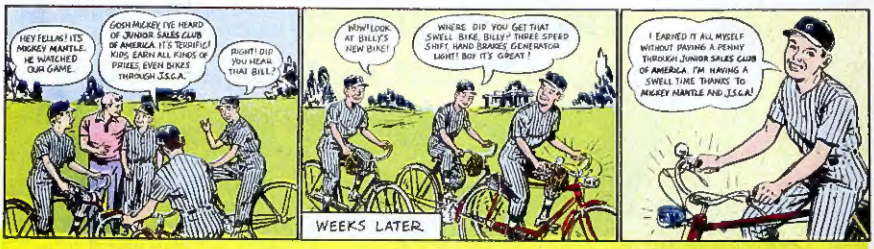
Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

MICKEY MANTLE GOES TO BAT FOR "BILLY BIKELESS"


GOOD GAME, BILL! YOUR HOMER WON THE GAME FOR US!
SAY, HOW ABOUT THE WHOLE TEAM GOING ON AN ALL DAY BIKE TRIP TO MOOSE LAKE SOON?
SWELL IDEA! LETS GO NEXT SATURDAY! WE CAN SWIM AND CATCH FISH.
I WISH I HAD A BIKE. IT'S NO FUN WITHOUT ONE. THEY COST A LOT OF MONEY, THOUGH.
A HEADS UP BALL PLAYER LIKE YOU SHOULD CERTAINLY HAVE A BIKE. HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF J.S.C.A.?


HEY FELLAS! IT'S MICKEY MANTLE. HE WATCHED OUR GAME.
GOSH MICKEY I'VE HEARD OF JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA. IT'S TERRIFIC! KIDS EARN ALL KINDS OF PRIZES, EVEN BIKES THROUGH J.S.C.A.
RIGHT! DID YOU HEAR THAT, BILL?
WOW! LOOK AT BILLY'S NEW BIKE!
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SWELL BIKE, BILLY? THREE SPEED SHIFT, HAND BRAKES, GENERATOR LIGHT! BOY IT'S GREAT!
WEEKS LATER
I EARNED IT ALL MYSELF WITHOUT PAYING A PENNY THROUGH JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA. I'M HAVING A SWELL TIME THANKS TO MICKEY MANTLE AND J.S.C.A.!

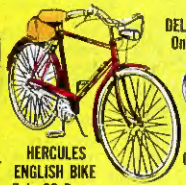
Look Kids, get these prizes for yourself without cost from JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA

Mickey Mantle

DAISY EAGLE
Only 20 Boxes

DELTA LANTERN
Only 12 Boxes

TIMEX WATCH
Only 20 Boxes



HERCULES ENGLISH BIKE
Only 80 Boxes

BIKE GENERATOR SET
Only 12 Boxes

MOUNTAIN TENT
Only 20 Boxes

SKIN DIVING OUTFIT
Only 12 Boxes

PLANE KIT & ENGINE
Only 12 Boxes

U. S. BUGLE
Only 12 Boxes

SPALDING GLOVE & BALL
Only 20 Boxes

KNIFE & AXE SET
Only 12 Boxes

AMERICAN FLYER FREIGHT Only 40 Boxes

DAISY RED RYDER
Only 12 Boxes

MARLIN .22 Only 40 Boxes

COMET SABRE
Only 12 Boxes

ARCHERY SET
Only 12 Boxes

H-I SPINNING OUTFIT
Only 20 Boxes

SLEEPING BAG
Only 20 Boxes

COLEMAN STOVE Only 20 Boxes

CHEMCRAFT LAB
Only 20 Boxes

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Here's how to get THESE PRIZES and many more!

YOU can be the prize-winning J.S.C.A. Member in your neighborhood! Thousands of boys and girls are winning nationally-famous QUALITY PRIZES . . . at NO COST! Our prizes are the Best! No experience needed. You'll quickly sell many boxes of All-Occasion Cards at the special offer of only $1.25 per box of 21 lovely cards! You can earn a prize in one day! J.S.C.A. CARDS ACTUALLY SELL THEMSELVES.

Just fill in and mail the coupon to become a member of the J.S.C.A. Mark on the coupon whether you want to start with 12 or 20 boxes of All-Occasion Cards. (If prize is for more than 20 boxes, start with your first order for 20 boxes.) We will send your prize-winning boxes of cards on credit because WE TRUST YOU. It's quick and it's EASY! Drop the coupon in the mail NOW! **ACT QUICKLY TO GET YOUR FREE MEMBERSHIP CARD.**

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA, Dept. MC-2 SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

Please enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send me at once, FREE Membership Card, FREE Illustrated Catalog, complete details on how to get prizes and a supply of All-Occasion Cards to sell as checked below:

☐ 12 BOXES ☐ 20 BOXES

NAME _____
Print Clearly

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

JUNIOR SALES CLUB of AMERICA, Springfield 1, Mass.